MODERN AMUSEMENT.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council ſat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up ſtarts his lordſhip—to the window flies,
And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where!" quoth Sir John. "Why, ſee two drops of rain
Start from the ſummit of the chryſtal pane:
A thouſand pounds which drop, with nimbleſt force,
Performs its current down the ſlipp'ry courſe."
The betts were fix'd, in dire ſuſpence they wait
For victory, pendent on the nod of fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are ſhort;
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport!
So, thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate that thus their project croſs'd:
How hard their lot, who neither won nor loſt!

BRITISH MUSEUM

The BIRTH-DAY.

ROUND ——'s chair, in triple rows,
The Courtiers ſtood to gaze,
And every tongue in flatt'ry dipt,
Bedaub'd him o'er with praiſe.

I pray you friend, ſays ſurly John,
Who ſtood behind the chair,
Do, ope the window, and let out
This d——d corrupted air.